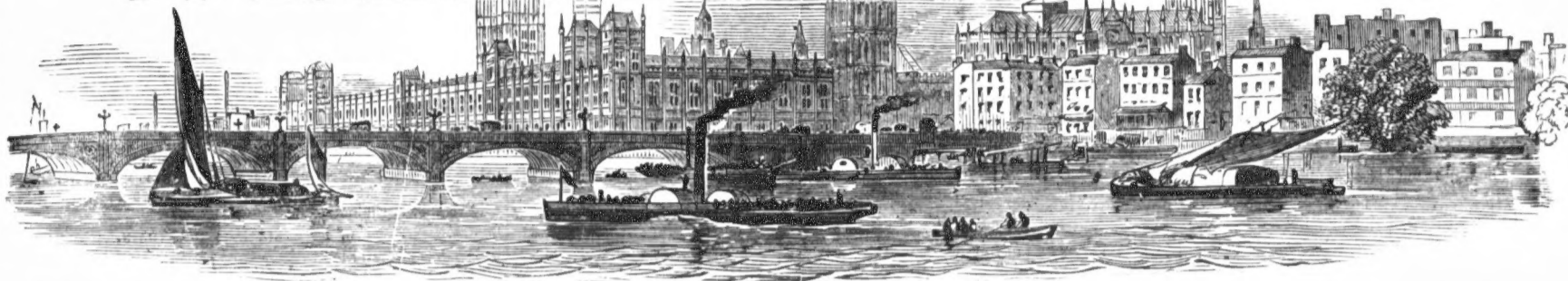


NEWSPAPER REGY  
21 SEP 1867

*Edwin Griffiths*

# THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 7.—VOL. I. { NEW PROPRIETORSHIP AND MANAGEMENT.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1867.

ONE PENNY.

**"DEAD ACRE: A CHAIN OF EVIDENCE," BY C. H. ROSS, IS CONTINUED IN THIS NUMBER.**

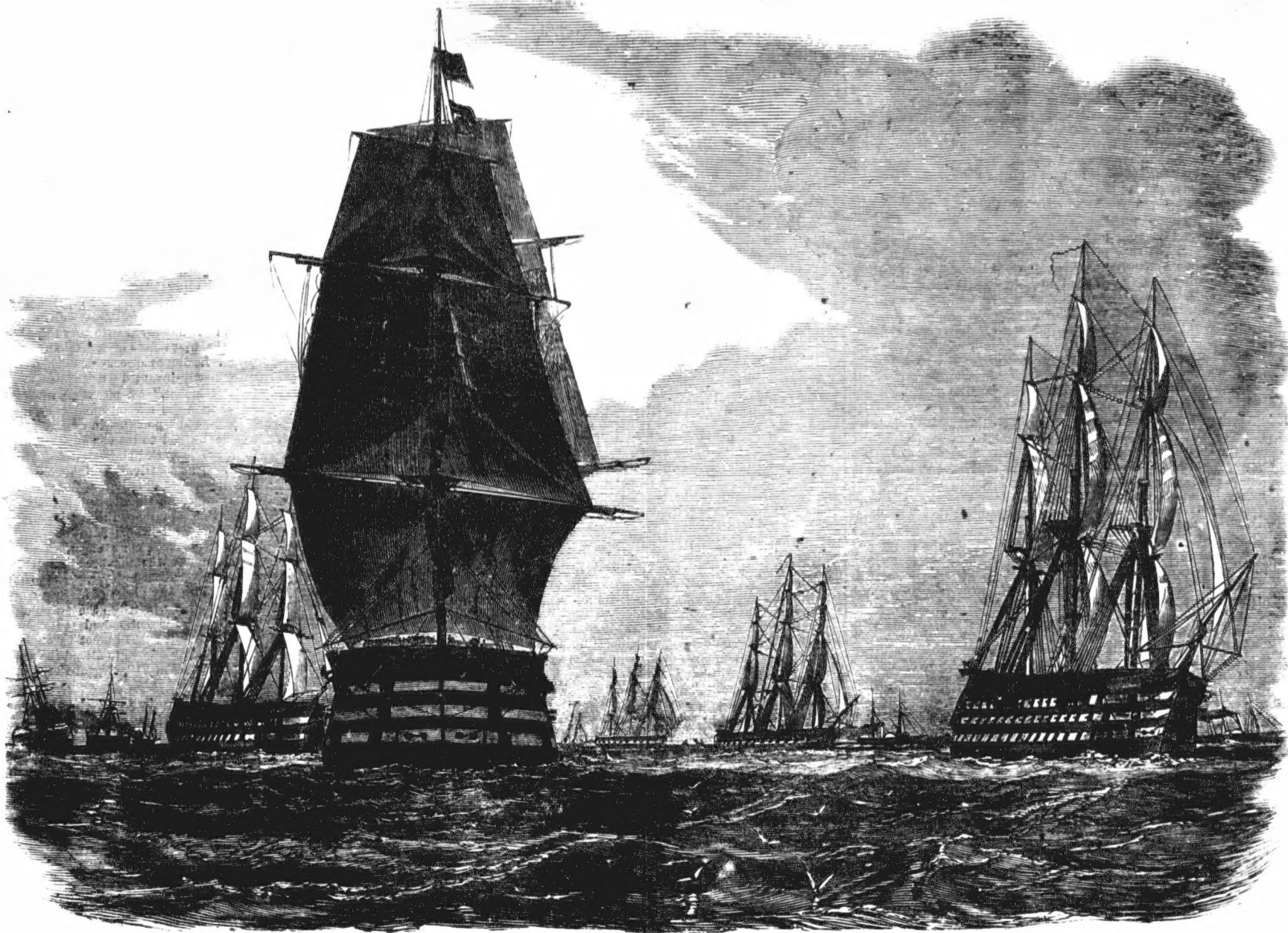
## THE FENIAN RISING.

THE news which we are receiving from Ireland continues to be of the most reassuring description. We hear, it is true, of repeated seizures of arms, frequent arrests, "suspicious personages" innumerable, lurking around suspected neighbourhoods, general agitation, unrest, and disquiet; but all these are the inseparable accompaniments of such a movement. It is not possible that even an effort at national insurrection, however futile, as in the present case it might be, should not cause an unpleasant amount of commotion. That, especially, must this happen when, as with Fenianism, it

happens to be able nowhere to find a central head-quarters, when its only chance is to drag on a wretched existence, skulking in the recesses of bleak mountains, and lurking behind hedgerows, or rather those lovely-piled stone walls, which are to Ireland what hedgerows are to Devonshire. Fenianism is widely diffused, and possessed of ramifications innumerable, merely because it happens from the close scrutiny which a prudent Government is practising, and from the general indisposition of all responsible men to play a part in so disreputable a *flasco*—to have no point on which it can concentrate its forces, such as those forces are. But the same cause which deprives it of all formidable character serves to make it more

annoying. It is far extended because it is weak, and it is difficult to put down at a moment's notice because it is far extended. Who can suppose that now, when the weather is so fiercely cold, when so scanty a shelter can be found on the barren Irish hills, these wretched, disaffected, misguided, infatuated Celts would be content to bear the privations of exposure to an inclement sky, the alternate frost, sleet, snow, rain, and wind which we are at present having, if they saw any reasonable chance of bringing their efforts to bear with any prospect of success, however slender, upon any one point?

The authorities of Liverpool have taken the most ample precau-



DETAICH OF ENGLISH SQUADRON FOR IRELAND.

LONDON EDITION.







LANCERS ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR FENIANS.

## BRAMSHILL HALL, HANTS.

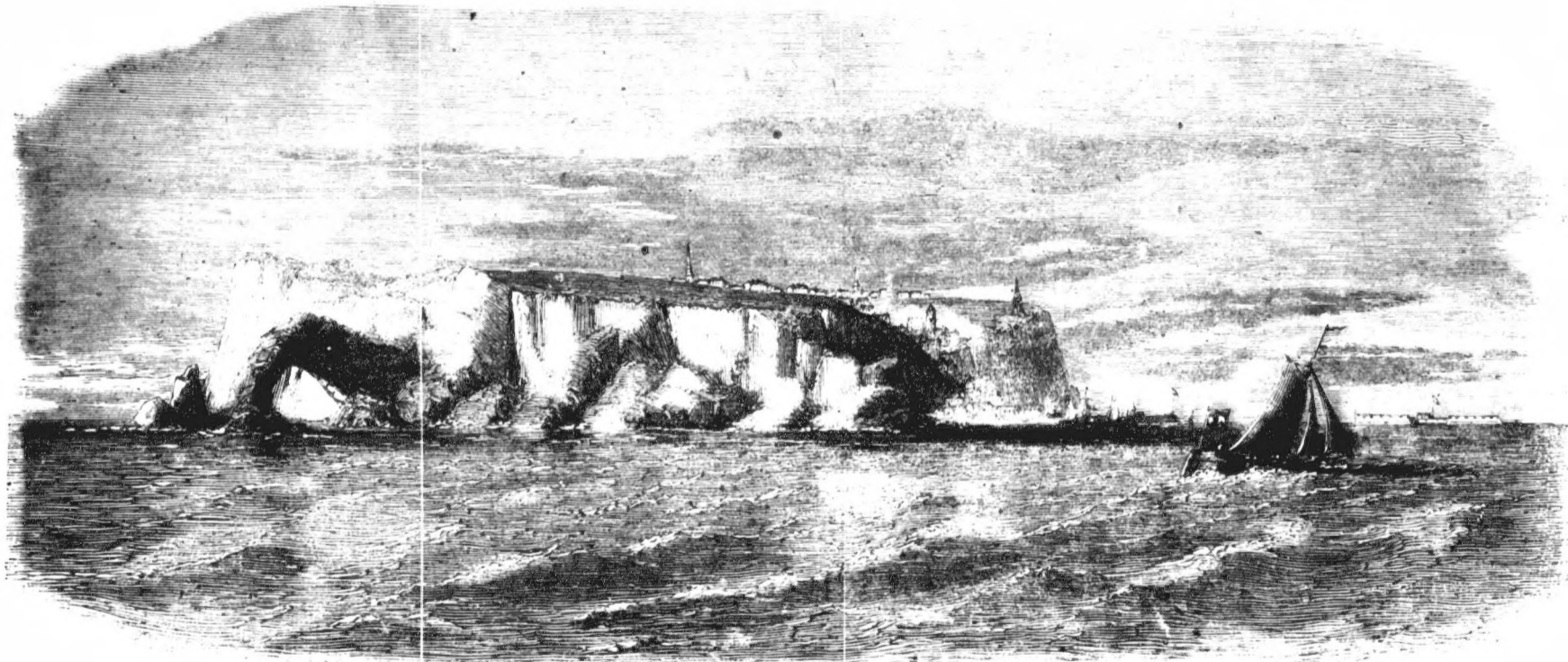
THIS fine old hall, the residence of Sir William Cope, an engraving of which we give on page 105, is situate near Elvetham, in Hampshire. "Black's Guide" describes it as "a scene of the most picturesque and delightful character; so veritably ancient and venerable in all its 'belongings' that one momentarily expects a fair Amoret, in ruff and farthingale, to sweep across its stately terraces—a cavalier, hot with memories of the fight at Cheriton or the discomfiture at Alton, to stride through its avenues of branching oaks

up, to preserve, to defend? Who, for half a dozen patent reform-theories, would lose Bramshill, and all that it symbolises?

"The house is one of the finest Jacobean structures remaining in England. It was built, it is said, for Prince Harry; he died before it was completed, and so it was occupied by the builder, the 11th Lord Zouch. From the Zouch family it passed to the Copes, and its successive owners have had the taste and feeling to deal gently with its admirable antiquity. The wings are built of brick, with stone quoins and dressings; the centre is all of stone, elaborately carved and decorated in the Inigo Jones fashion. Each storey is

a frequent visitor—the late Sir John Cope, and other 'squires and gentlemen' who loved to 'hunt with the hounds.' The Queen visited Bramshill while a guest of the Great Duke's at Strathfield-saye, in 1847.

"It was in Bramshill Park that Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, while hunting with Lord Zouch, slew one Thomas Hawkins, a keeper, by an accidental shot from a cross-bow (A.D. 1621). The 'humbled' prelate never forgot the unintentional homicide, and during the remainder of his life always fasted once a month, on a Tuesday, the day which had proved so disastrous to him. His



VIEW OF HELIGOLAND.

—a love-sick Waller to murmur sweet verses to a disdainful Saccharissa among its shadowy garden-bowers! Hume, Lingard, Rushworth, Clarendon, Macaulay—here is your commentary upon them, your vivid pictorial illustration of them! Walk along those 'pleached alleys,' those quaintly-fashioned trees, those gay parterres of blooming flowers; ramble about these noble balustraded terraces; dream awhile in the antique hall; and you will instinctively understand what manner of men were those stout-hearted, fine-souled gentlemen who fought for loyalty and King Charles. What wonder that England is 'conservative'? Has she not something to treasure

divided by pilasters into richly decorated compartments, and the whole is crowned by an elaborate pediment, bearing the Prince of Wales's coronet.

"The interior is equally in keeping. The old hall has its flooring and wainscoting of polished oak—in enriched ceiling—and walls hung with family portraits in antique frames. The tapestry is rich and quaint; the fire-places are huge and massive, the fittings and furnishings are all of other days. One is only recalled to the present by a picture in the hall, which represents a 'mischance' at Bramshill, and contains portraits of the two Dukes of Wellington—

enemies made satisfactory 'political capital' out of the unfortunate event, and it was thought necessary to publish a sort of 'official narrative' of the circumstances."

## VIEW OF HELIGOLAND.

TWENTY-eight miles from the mouth of the Elbe, a rocky island, with precipitous cliffs, a mile and a quarter in length, and a half mile in breadth at the widest, with a few sand-banks and rocks rising, dreary and desolate, out of the North Sea, constitute that

small dependency of Great Britain known as Heligoland. The name signifies in German, "sacred land," and the place is said to have been, in bygone ages, the residence of the chief of the North Frieslanders, and the seat of worship of a Saxon deity rejoicing in the name of Phoseta. The island was anciently of much more considerable territorial extent, but has been reduced by progressive diminution to its present limits. In 1714, it was annexed by Denmark, and remained subject to that power till 1807, when, in our war with the Danes, it was taken by a small squadron and converted into a depot for merchandise, to be smuggled into Continental ports, from which English commerce was then excluded by the Emperor Napoleon. At the peace of 1814, the British Government thought fit to retain possession of the island in consideration of its two excellent harbours, and the facility with which the high ground could be defended in the case of war.

The town consists of two divisions, the Upper and Lower. On the higher part are situated the Governor's house, with the public and principal buildings—all edifices of an extremely unpretending character. On the low ground are the hotel, the baths, and the fishermen's huts. There is scarcely a tree or a shrub on the island, and turf, wood, and vegetables are brought from Hamburg and Cuxhaven in exchange for fish. During the Russian war, batteries were erected here, and it was made a recruiting station of the Foreign Legion.

# ROYAL PRESENT TO MR. PEABODY.

The portrait is enamel of the Queen, intended by her Majesty as a present to the American philanthropist, Mr. George Peabody, has just been completed by Messrs. Dickinson, of Bond-street, and, in little more than a week from the present time, will be on its way to America. Public interest in a gift so remarkable demands at least some words, on the miniature work of art, and on the circumstances under which it has been graciously presented to the Queen of England to one of the worthiest citizens of the United States. It will be remembered that, soon after the munificent donation by which Mr. Peabody signalled his charitable regard for the poor of a city in which he had amassed great riches, her Majesty sent the benevolent donor an autograph letter of thanks, which letter was published by the whole of the English and American press. Soon afterwards the Queen commissioned Messrs. Dickinson to paint her portrait in that most imperishable of materials, enamel, purposing to present the work to Mr. Peabody as a souvenir of her gracious approbation and sympathy.

The task has been accomplished with a skill only to be appreciated by those persons who understand something of the difficulties of enamel painting. The oval picture just completed by the practised hand of Mr. F. A. Tilt, a partner of the Messrs. Dickinson, is, we believe, the largest enamel ever produced in England, the size being 14 inches by 10. It is hardly necessary to exclaim in detail the exigencies of this kind of art-work, or to state the technical reasons why mineral colours alone, to the exclusion of many very useful transparent vegetable pigments, can be used. All that need be said is, that such restrictions beset the worker in enamel, who, in spite of his utmost care, incurs the risk of seeing his labour ruined when it issues from the furnace. It is on this account that very large enamels are seldom attempted. Those of a small size are most frequently painted on copper; but when the risk of cracking and of distortion is increased by the measurement of the surface, it is usual to employ pure gold, as in the case of this likeness of her Majesty the Queen. Some small depression of the oval shield of metal is an almost inevitable contingency of the process of baking; and if the picture comes forth cracked from its long subjection to intense heat, all that can be reasonably wished is attained.

The position of the portrait is full-face, the figure being three-quarter length; and the expression is rendered with complete success. We understand that her Majesty was explicit in commanding that truthfulness should in no degree be sacrificed to pictorial effect, and that the portrait should be free from flattery. The Queen is represented sitting in a chair of state, her dress being that which she has worn, since her bereavement, on all occasions wherein she has felt herself called to take the chief part. The body and sleeves of her back dress are trimmed with miniver; the ribbon of the Garter, with its jewelled insignia, crosses her breast; her Mary Queen of Scots cap is surmounted by a tiara of brilliants; and a plain white veil descends on either shoulder from this address. Her hands are crossed, the arms lying in an easy,

graceful attitude, with a diamond bracelet clasping one of the wrists. Round her neck is a single row of brilliants, from which depends a cross composed of the same precious stones. An architectural background, relieved by drapery, shows up the delicately-finished colouring with admirable effect. Of course a picture so finely finished has been set, as such a gem should be, in a sumptuous frame. Beneath the oval margin of highly-wrought or-molu is this inscription:—"Presented by the Queen to George Peabody, Esq., the Benefactor of the Poor of London." The honoured recipient of this Royal gift is now in America, and has had a room built, at a cost of 40,000 dollars, in which to place the testimonial of her Majesty's favour and esteem. A replica of the painting, on ivory, will be retained in this country, and sent to the next exhibition of the Royal Academy. During the progress of the enamel work, which has occupied eleven months, her Majesty has given several sittings, and has shown great interest in all the successive stages of the operation. When the result was submitted for her approval, she was pleased to express her most gracious satisfaction with the portrait, which was also warmly commended by the Princesses.



WHO'LL SERVE THE QUEEN?

## THE ROYAL LITERARY FUND.

The annual general meeting of the Royal Literary Fund was held on the 13th inst., at the Chambers of the Corporation, Adelphi-terrace. Earl Stanhope occupied the chair, and, commencing the business of the meeting, said it was one of the merits of the society that there was little to say, for it was conducted on the rule of absolute secrecy with regard to the cases that came before it. It was impossible to conceive a condition more valuable, considering the sensitive feelings and the social position of many who applied for assistance in their difficulties. In no instance since he had known the society had there been the slightest departure by any member of the corporation from that secrecy which it was their duty and their object to maintain. Whenever it had been known that any individual had derived assistance from the society, it had come solely from the generous avowal of those who, having subsequently attained a higher and more distinguished position, had not shrunk from saying that in their earlier and more difficult days they were indebted to the society for aid. In the cases which came before the society—and cases might always be expected to arise when men were overcome by the infirmities of age or were afflicted by some grievous dispensation of Providence—assistance was afforded during the period of difficulty. Such cases always had,

and he trusted always would, receive attention. There was still higher satisfaction in administering to what might be called cases of productive relief, when persons in temporary embarrassment or sickness obtained the assistance which enabled them to overcome their difficulty and resume their career of useful industry. Several such cases came before them last year, where the obstacle being once removed, the recipients were able immediately to pursue their course of honourable usefulness. Mr. Harrison, one of the registrars, then read the treasurer's report, from which it appeared that the permanent fund now amounts to £26,000, producing an annual dividend of £780; the stock of the Newton property amounts to £8,167 15s., producing an annual dividend of £245 0s. 8d.; and the Newton estate, Whitechapel, produces a rental of £203. The report of grants awarded in 1866 showed that in the twelve classes of literature adopted by the society 49 persons had been relieved, at a cost of £1,605; the grants varying in amount from £10 to £75 each. The members of the council were re-elected, with the addition of the Right Hon. Sir William Erle to the list of vice-presidents, and of the Right Hon. Edward Cardwell, M.P., and Sir John Simeon, Bart., M.P., to the list of the general committee. Some other routine business having been transacted, the president announced that the annual dinner would take place on the 15th of May, Dr. Millman, Dean of St. Paul's, in the chair. Votes of thanks were passed to the chairman, the secretary, the registrars, and the treasurer, and the proceedings then terminated.

## DR. LIVINGSTONE.

Sir Roderick Murchison now accounts it mere hoping against hope to think that Dr. Livingstone may still be alive. The President of the Royal Geographical Society has received, through Lord Stanley, the despatches of Dr. Seward, our political resident at Zanzibar, giving full particulars of the tale told by the Johanna men, and the mournful conclusions of the authorities on the spot. They seem to entertain scarcely a doubt that the great explorer and pioneer of Christianity has finished his labours in the cruel manner described. The latest intelligence is that Dr. Seward and Dr. Kirk had started in her Majesty's ship *Wasp* for Quiloa, to make inquiries and obtain all possible information on the subject. Sir Roderick promises to lay the despatches, accompanied by a sketch map of Livingstone's last field of travel, before the Royal Geographical Society on Monday next. If the Johanna men brought down this map, or any single visible piece of evidence like it, of course our hopes must dwindle away to nothing. But, as we understand the President, the matter still rests entirely on the personal credibility of the nine African islanders; and we cannot quite abandon our lingering trust that the story may be false. Gunner Young, who served for two years with Livingstone on the Zambezi, writes to say that he knows the Johanna natives well, and that they are distinguished for mendacity even among races tolerably perfect in the practice. Moreover, they are men who, from intercourse with Europeans, well understand the importance of books, maps, and papers, and would be likely to bring such corroborative testimony if they could. Without daring, therefore, to encourage hope, we shall not wholly abandon it till something very confirmatory is made known. We cannot give up this noble life so easily. If Livingstone has been called to his high reward by way of a bloody death, his praises will not be lessened by delaying them; but there must be no risk of his lying imprisoned in the heart of Africa—sore wounded, perhaps, by treachery—because we too readily believe a lie rehearsed in camp after camp by the Johanna fugitives during their return.

The Right Hon. the Secretary of State for India was re-elected without opposition on Monday for the northern division of the county of Devon, the seat which he had vacated on his transference to the office he now fills in the Cabinet. Sir Stafford Northcote, when the result was made known, in addressing his thanks to the electors took occasion to define the Conservative policy in regard to Reform as the obtaining a parliamentary representation of all classes, and the varied interests of the country; and the democratic, as the giving of power to the majority. He declared that the Conservative policy was the best. If the Reform Bill introduced by the present Government was defeated, an appeal would be made to the country, or the Conservatives would maintain the same principles in Opposition.







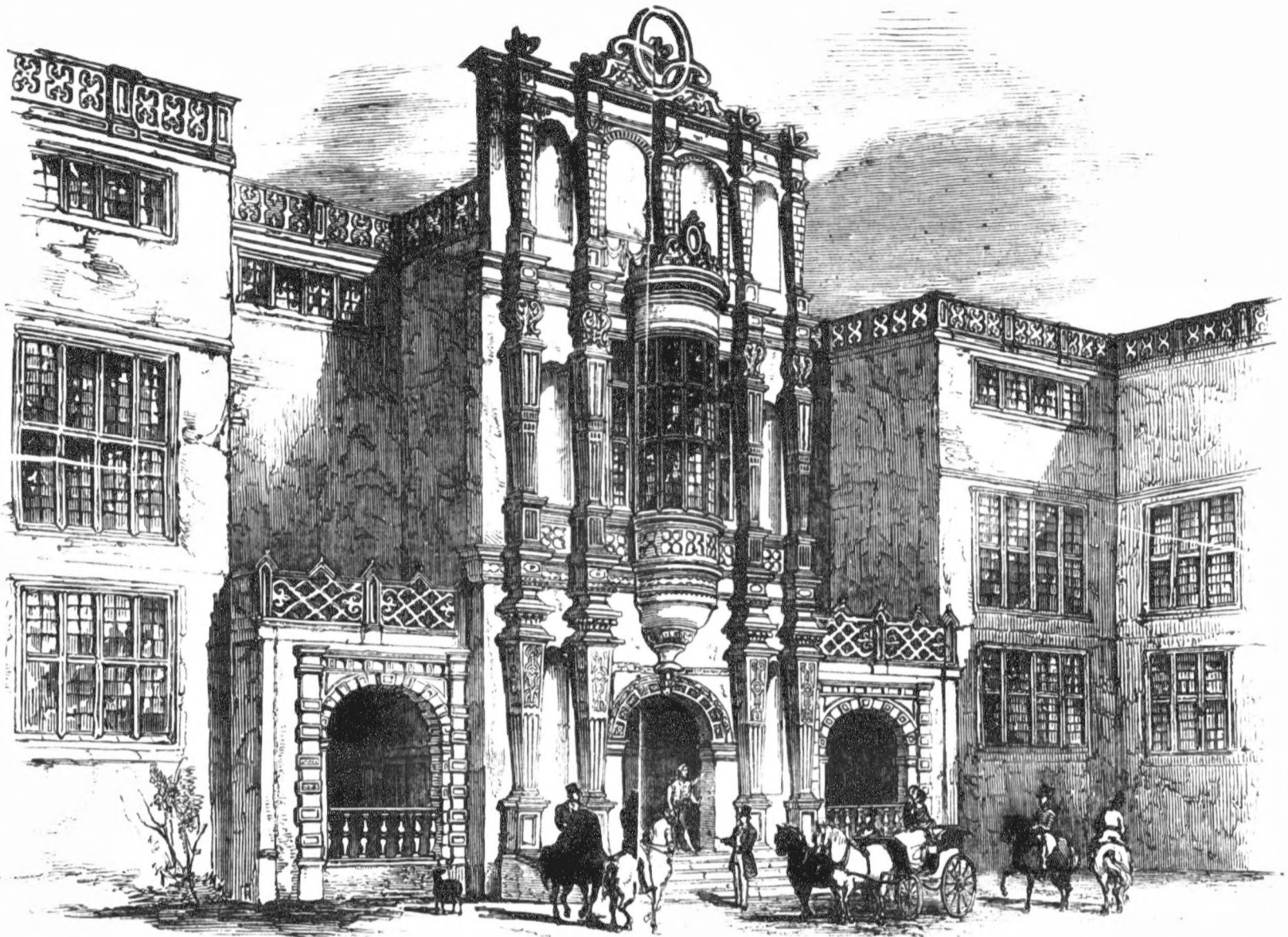
THE CAPITULATION OF KARS (AFTER A DRAWING BY GUSTAVE DORE).

## THE CAPITULATION OF KARS.

The gallant defence of Kars by General Williams and his brave companions during the Russian war is a story that most of our readers will perfectly well remember. The interest which now attaches to the drawing of Gustave Dore has induced us to present an engraving of this facile artist's drawing of the famous capitulation of Kars. For months and months the citadel was nobly de-

fended. The Turkish soldiers loudly complained of their Government deserting them; and it was not until they were absolutely starving that the gallant band capitulated to their overpowering enemies. Women and children waited for food, and the old warriors wept aloud: "How is it God has forsaken us?" Our engraving represents the garrison marching out from the city after their surrender.

Various existing indications show that the question of the suppression of the gaming establishments will soon be the order of the day. The Reichstag, it is said, will be called upon in the present session to come to a decision on the subject. Prussia may be expected to propose their suppression, for she has long since carried it out in her states, and continually pursued the same end in the late German Diet.



BRAMSHILL HALL, HANTS. (See Page 100.)

## Dead Acre:

### A CHAIN OF EVIDENCE.

BY  
CHARLES H. ROSS.

#### Part the Second.

#### A WHITE HAND AT WORK.

#### CHAPTER I.—MY LADY BAREBONES.

ONCE upon a time there was a very thin old lady of quality residing in Soho-square, whose real name was Lady Lad, but whom the rude boys of that period—I have reason for believing that rude boys were quite as rude once upon a time as now—called Lady Barebones.

In genial weather it was, now and again, the privilege of those fortunate ones, living near enough, to see my lady taking the air upon the pavement of the square, and basking in the Soho sunshine. Upon these occasions a bony woman of about forty years of age accompanied her, or a very white-faced girl of about fifteen, and she would make the tour of the square twice or thrice, and then disappear again within her house, where she would wait for another fine day, and, so waiting in the winter season, sometimes wait a month. In summer, however, she would not unfrequently extend her journey to the streets beyond, and there, visiting various shops, buy bargains she had no need of, and haggle by the hour together about a halfpenny. Now and then the proprietor of the shop, in which these contests took place, carried away by temper, would say, "I'll give it your ladyship, hang me if I don't!" or, "Here, have it for nothing!" or some similar remark, meant to be cutting and sarcastic; to which my lady, curtsying low in the old-fashioned way, would reply, "I thank you very much, and am glad you can afford to give it me." After this the shopkeeper, most likely, would recall his words, with haste, and the haggling would go on harder than ever.

When out taking the air, or upon these shopping expeditions, my Lady Lad was attired in the very seediest black satin gown that a lady of quality ever wore; but which, in its day, must have been a very costly article. It was supposed by the old women of the neighbourhood, upon account of the rottenness of this garment, and of the various scarfs and shawls which she wore over it, that my lady dressed herself in the clothes of some other lady of quality, deceased, as dead folk's clothes are said to rot away, however careful you are in keeping them. That, however, my lady kept her wearing apparel very carefully, might be inferred from the overpowering smell of lavender which they emitted when she brought them out into the air, and from the antiquated cut of her bonnets, which seemed to date almost from the year 1 of the bonnet era, when the milliner took a coal-scuttle as the ground work, and trimmed profusely with big bows and bunches of green stuff.

These bonnets were the principal cause of the attention paid her ladyship by the small boys of Soho, who continuously waged a wordy war with her; which now and then had been known to

assume consistency, as it were, in the shape of mud and stones. To follow her at a safe distance, some fifty yards in the rear, and call her names, was the usual custom of these desperadoes, until a policeman, coming to her rescue, happily dispersed them; and sometimes they followed her home, and, hanging round about her doorstep, continued to hoot her with great perseverance until Charity Stone, her maid-servant, noiselessly opening the door, made a sudden raid upon them with a broom-handle, and dealt loud-sounding thwacks in every direction.

This Charity Stone, who was the bony woman of forty, above-mentioned, and the pale-faced girl, aged fifteen, whose name was Jane Acre, were the only other inmates of Lady Lad's house, besides her ladyship, if we except a large black tom-cat, the property of the first-named person, and much admired by the next-door neighbours. With the exception of this tom-cat, the other members of her ladyship's establishment were thin, and looked ill-fed; and the only contradiction to the generally-received notion that Lady Barebones was a miser, lay in the fact that Lady Barebones's servant's cat was, as the vulgar saying is, "as fat as butter."

That Lady Lad was a miser everybody long ago had settled to their entire satisfaction, and, sure enough, her house was filled with all sorts of rubbish, which she was zealously hoarding for reasons best known to herself. There was in one room, it was asserted, more than a hundred pairs of boots. She had drawers and boxes full of beautiful silk and velvet dresses, and heaps of new linen that had never seen the light since it was first washed after it left the seamstress's hands. All sorts of odds and ends, in the way of ornaments, some very valuable, some utterly worthless, littered the floors, and were piled high on tables and sideboards in dark rooms, the shutters of which had not been opened for years, and where the dust lay so thickly upon some objects that their shape was wholly lost.

The rooms her ladyship used to live in were all partially dark, owing to the dirtiness of their window-panes, which she would not allow the servant to clean for fear of breaking them, and they were wainscotted with oak, whitewashed over; while above was what had been once a white paper, now drab with age, on which a clear-sighted person might have puzzled out some indistinct pattern of lead-coloured sprigs and brown spots. Out of the hundred-and-one cracks and crevices in the decayed woodwork, came forth, upon the eve of impending rain, a hundred-and-one plethoric spiders, some of huge size and vast antiquity, that crawled about the walls, and swang like pendulums over-head, or dropped down with a flop among the old lady's tea-things.

Besides these insects, there was, in spite of the presence of the fat black tom-cat, a colony of rats and mice of riotous and disorderly character, that scampered and squealed behind the wainscoting in a way that, to one unused to it, was rather alarming. From the lower regions, also, came up, now and then, a black beetle of a wandering turn, who might have been sent as an ambassador by the thousands of his nation down below to make negotiations respecting some other settlement to which the surplus population could be drafted.

What all the vermin lived upon was subject for wonderment, not only to the strangers without, who now and then penetrated into Lady Lad's residence, but to Lady Lad herself, whose larder was never overstocked. The meals of which the old lady, Miss Acre, and the servant, partook, were of a singularly fragmentary nature—

odd-looking scraps of meat, strangely-shaped pies, and pastry of such a tough and indigestible character, it was almost as unlike food as the pasteboard banquets on the stage. To wash down this unpalatable stuff, however, very often my lady produced a bottle of rare old wine from a plentiful store in the cellars.

Upon the dinner-table, set out every day with many forms and ceremonies, was an ostentatious arrangement of massive silver dishes, tankards, and so on, with which certain chipped and scorched willow-pattern plates blended inharmoniously.

To eat a three-farthing red herring with a silver fork off a silver dish was a sensation which my lady seemed highly to appreciate. Yet the three women of the household were thin enough, in spite of this handsomely decorated dinner-table, and there was but little colour in any of their cheeks. Indeed, it was an unhealthy life they lived in the gloomy airless house in Soho-square.

So very rarely were any of them seen abroad, so little company did they see at home, it must have been little better than a prison to the youngest of the three—Miss Jane. Wonderful to relate, however, the young girl upon many occasions refused to go out when she had a chance, and it was with Charity Stone that Lady Lad took most of her walks. Perhaps the hootings of the street-boys might have had something to do with this. At any rate, she did not make much objection to have an hour's ramble by herself in the early morning, which her ladyship said it was positively necessary she should take.

However did they pass the time, the neighbours wondered, among that vast accumulation of dusty lumber in the stuffy old rooms? How had my lady and her servant passed it before her ladyship fetched Jane away from her dead father's house in Norfolk-street?

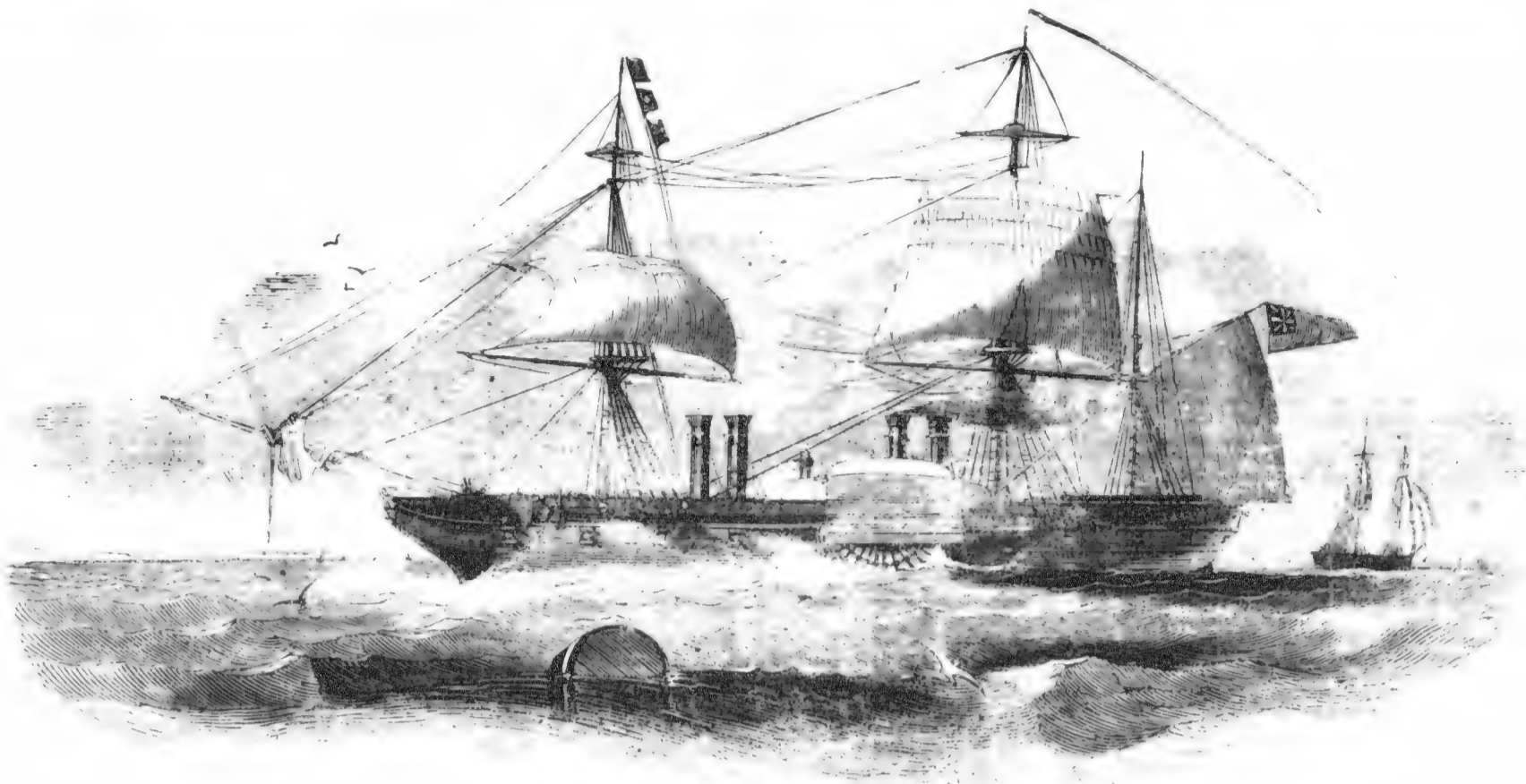
Dreary games at cards for little ivory fish, the counting and recounting of which, as they represented no monetary value, was a woeful and exasperating loss of time. Piquet, cribbage, quinze, cassino, put, and whist, with double dummy, draughts and backgammon, and sometimes even fox and geese.

To vary the monotony of these pastimes, occasionally a little music—some of the good old tunes which were fashionable when my lady was a girl, in the early days of Braham and Incledon. Now and then, upon company nights, that is to say when one of my lady's very few acquaintances came to spend a despondent evening in her ladyship's society, a tea of ceremony, very weak, but very warm, drank out of cracked china cups of great rarity, though rather wanting in the way of handle. Upon rare gala nights—my lady's birthday, or the anniversary of important events in her ladyship's life, or when my lady felt in more than ordinary spirits—a concoction of hot wine and spices, after the fashion popular with my lady's mamma in seventeen hundred and ninety, or thereabouts, and on most nights a little of the weakest grog just before bed-time, and a long gossip concerning the scandals current in polite society when this century was just in its teens.

Of all the dull lives led by English young ladies, there were, let us hope, few duller than that of Miss Jane Acre, the yellow-haired, white-faced, timid daughter of the dead usurer. Yet she made no complaint of weariness, and, perhaps, found amusement in ways that were little suspected by the lady of the house. Yes, strange to say, she amused herself most when left by herself as guardian of the gloomy old house, while Lady Lad and her servant took their walks abroad.







HER MAJESTY'S STEAMSHIP "TERRIBLE." (See Page 98.)

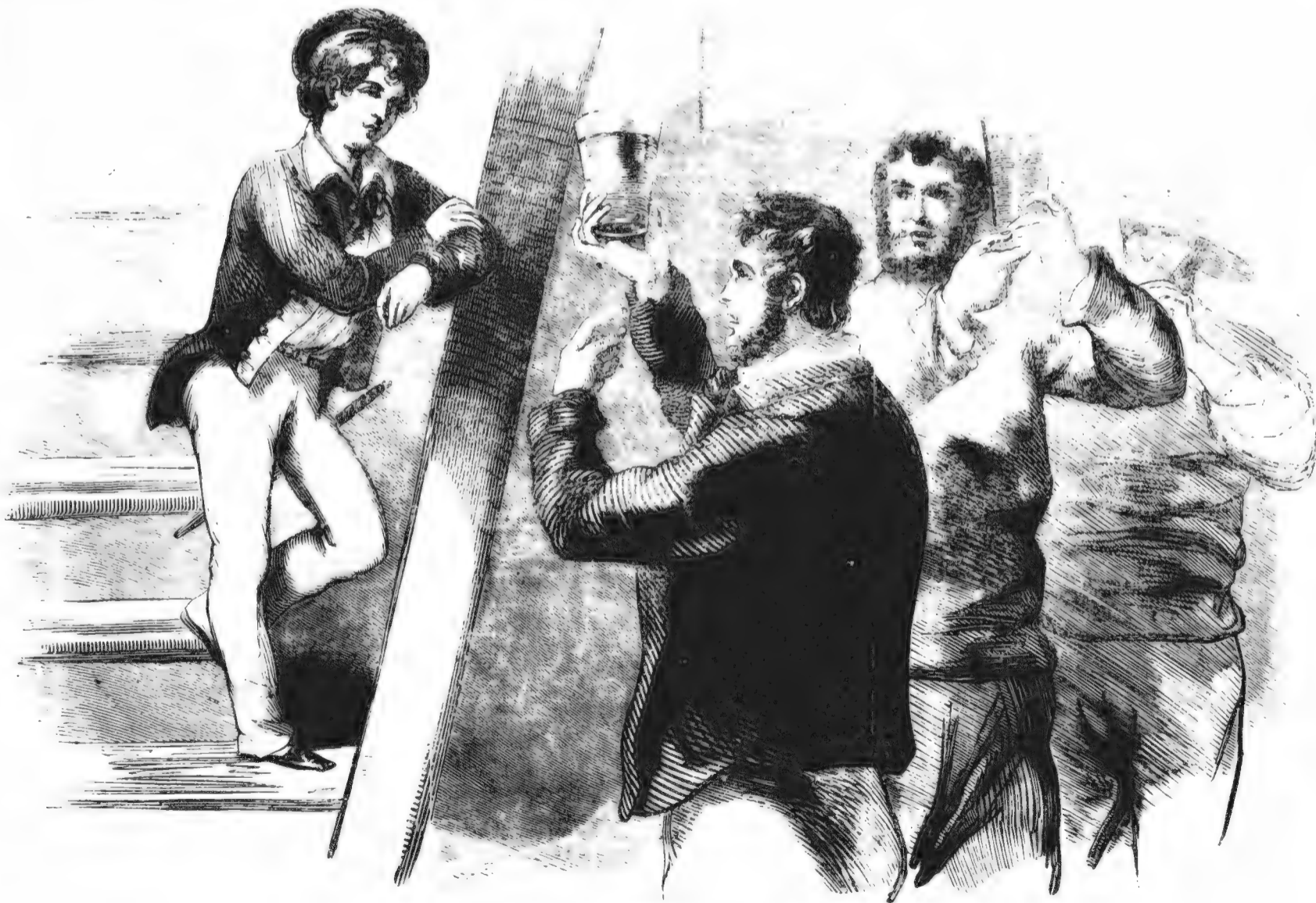
## EFFECTS OF THE LATE SEVERE GALE.

THROUGHOUT Sunday night and early on Monday morning a severe gale prevailed in and about the metropolis. Considerable damage was done by the wind to houses in course of erection, and much apprehension was felt for the safety of the shipping in the river.

During the same time one of the heaviest gales which has been known for years caused great destruction on the west coast of England. A large number of vessels sought refuge from the storm in Plymouth Sound. It is doubtful whether there were ever before so

many vessels in the Sound at one time. At noon on Sunday seven or eight vessels were seen running at a perilous rate before wind and sea for Penzance harbour. The pilots and men about the quay were in readiness with boats, hawsers, and ropes. Exactly at twelve o'clock the barque *Gambier* of Plymouth, Rowling, master, from Hamburg to Leghorn, with general cargo, was running for the pier. As she approached a sea struck her stern, and the next moment another wave on her broadside sent her with her bow against the extreme end of the extension pier. She snapped her bowsprit, and stove in her port bows. A man named Connor, son of a coastguard officer at Sennen, was on

the bowsprit hoping to get ashore instantly, but at the moment of collision he sprang back on the deck, breaking one of his thighs. The vessel lurched round the end of the extension pier, and stuck fast right across the mouth of the harbour. The brig *Providence*, of Jersey, Rive, master, in coal, from Llanelly to St. Malo, was following the barque to the harbour, but of course could not enter it, but struck the barque and then slewed round to the eastward, and was driven behind the Albert Pier. A terrific sea was running, which soon brought her in contact with the pier wall. Fortunately her bowsprit projected directly over the wall, and all the crew managed to get safely ashore. Thousands of spectators lined the



ON BOARD THE "TERRIBLE." (See Page 98.)



MODERN RESURRECTIONISTS, MOVING THE REMAINS OF THE DEAD FROM OLD ST. PANCRA'S CHURCHYARD.

piers. During the afternoon the *Providence* broke up against the new pier. Reports were received of about thirty vessels having been seen in the Channel, all of which were dismantled or otherwise disabled.

At Falmouth the gale resulted in the total wreck of the barque *Marmion*, of Shields. She arrived at Falmouth on Saturday, and anchored outside the harbour, near Gyllyngvase. About nine o'clock on Sunday morning she parted her cables and ran ashore. It was impossible for any boat to approach her through the heavy sea which was running, and great anxiety was felt for the crew, eleven in number, who were exposed to the severe cold of the easterly wind, and in imminent danger of losing their lives. A great crowd of people assembled on the shore, and the excitement was intense. The vessel was about 100 yards from the shore, and, as the people stood watching it break to pieces, they saw one of the crew make a desperate effort to save himself. He floated from the vessel on a ladder; but, instead of his frail raft drifting to shore, it floated towards Gyllyngvase. Soon after another man was seen to seize a piece of the wreck, and float off in the same direction. They were tossed about, until it seemed almost impossible that they could hold on longer, when one of the crowd on shore, a young man, named Anthony Thomas, bravely swam out with a rope, and reached the man on the ladder, who was then pulled ashore. About the same time a coloured man swam out, and saved the second seaman. The position of the men who still remained on the vessel grew more desperate each minute. There was no rocket apparatus near, and no means were devised of reaching them until a seaman named Notley, belonging to a vessel which was undergoing repairs in Falmouth Docks, and a young fellow named Hudson, an apprentice in the same vessel, volunteered to carry out a rope. They started together, but Notley was struck in the breast with a piece of the wreck, and was forced to return. Hudson swam on alone and reaching the vessel handed up the rope. The crew were by this time so exhausted that it was with difficulty they could be got ashore. Six of them were, however, landed with safety. A seventh man was incapable of any effort at self-help, and two men swam out from shore, and putting the belt on him he, too, was saved. Unfortunately the captain and the steward were both found to be dead; the exhaustion and the cold had been too great for them. A brig, which was within the harbour, drove on shore at the eastern breakwater and sank; her crew were saved by means of ropes. Other vessels suffered severe injuries.

At Portland and at Weymouth the storm was also severe. At the first-named place another part of the staging was swept away, and fears were entertained that great damage might be done to the shipping. In Weymouth harbour two vessels came into collision, and both suffered considerable injury.

For some time past there has been very severe weather at Portsmouth, and its severity was increased on Sunday night by a gale from E.S.E. and a heavy fall of snow. Great distress prevails among the poorer inhabitants of the district.

A special meeting of the Mansion House Relief Committee was held on Monday under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, at which it was determined, in consequence of the continuance of exceptional distress in the east and other portions of the metropolis, to keep the fund open for some time longer. The amount in hand was small, and an appeal for additional subscriptions was made.

#### THE CARLTON MURDER.

THE trial of John and Mary Watson, for the murder of Henry Raynor, was concluded at the Nottingham Assizes on Friday week, the greatest excitement prevailing in the town. The court was crowded, and an immense number of people congregated outside, and in various ways manifested their interest in the progress of the case. The story told by the witnesses was peculiar in many respects. Raynor was an accountant and a collector of rents and debts, and resided in Nottingham. He had also taken a house and premises of considerable extent at Carlton, a village situated at some little distance from the town. He went to reside there with his wife on Lady-day in last year, and continued to occupy the house until September. From that time to his death he was in the habit of going over to look at the house and orchard. The house being too large for his own purposes he sub-let a portion of it to the Watsons, and when he was away the whole house was in their care. Some little disturbance had been caused by Raynor finding that the Watsons used a copper which was fixed in the scullery, and which he did not wish them to touch. Raynor was also said to have had a quarrel about money matters with a man named Marriott, who had occupied the house before Raynor took it. On Saturday, the 17th November last, he left home at twenty minutes past four in the afternoon, and stated that he was going to Carlton. He had on a white felt hat, and carried a stick and a mat basket. The basket was empty when he left home. Before that he had been to a smith at Nottingham for something to lock up a copper with. He was seen on the way by several persons, and was known to have reached Watson's side of the house at Carlton by half-past five. Mrs. Watson herself stated that he entered their house at that time, and after speaking a word or two went away. There is no direct evidence as to where he was or what happened to him between half-past five and about twenty minutes to eight. At that time a porter, who was on duty at the Carlton railway station, was walking about, and observed something lying on the rails at a little distance from the station. On going to the spot he found the dead body of Raynor, with the head laid across one of the rails. Beside the body lay a stick and a mat basket. A train was due in a few minutes, and if it had come up before the body had been found, it would, almost as a matter of course, have been assumed that he had been killed by the train. The body was moved, and a close examination by medical men proved that death had been caused by violence. Several force blows had been struck at the head by some weapon like a poker or a heavy stick with a thin end, and blood was still issuing from the head when the body was found. There were distinct marks of strangulation, and the doctors held that to have been the immediate cause of death. A watch which Raynor was known to have had with him when he left Nottingham was missing. There was so much that was singular about the affair that the police determined to watch the place near which the body was found, as well as the house which the Watsons occupied. The next morning they entered the house, and Watson told them that he had not seen Raynor on the previous day at all. His wife said he had called at about half-past five, and after speaking a word or two had gone away. The police repeatedly searched the house, and obtained such evidence as led them to take Watson and his wife in custody. In searching they had examined all the boots they could find at the time, and Watson and these were all he had. A more minute search, however, enabled them to discover another pair, which were wet and muddy, as if they had been recently worn, and they corresponded with certain footprints which

had been found in the fields, and the mud between Watson's house and the spot where the body was found. Among other things found by the police were several articles of clothing, on which splashes of blood were discovered. In various parts of the house spots and smears of blood were found, and these were accounted for by the prisoners by saying that they had killed a pig on the preceding day, and that Mrs. Watson had been making black puddings with the blood. The police also took possession of a coal-rake upon which was found a charred substance, which Dr. Taylor, the analytical chemist, found to be exactly the same as a material obtained by burning a hat like that which Raynor wore on the day of the murder. No hat was found by the body on the line, nor was the hat which he wore ever after recovered. When the female prisoner was sent to gaol and searched, a canvass bag was found in her pocket, which was declared to be the property of the murdered man. Mrs. Tomlinson, the mother of the female prisoner, stated that the bag was one that she had made long ago for Mrs. Watson. The counsel for the defence held that the prosecution had not sustained the charge against the prisoners. The judge, in summing up, said that the case was involved in great mystery, and the jury must arrive at their verdict from a consideration of the evidence which had been given. After some time the jury gave in a verdict of "Not guilty." This verdict was received with applause, and thousands of persons waited outside the court to cheer the Watsons as they regained their freedom.

#### MODERN RESURRECTIONISTS.

THE march of the "iron roads" into our very midst, and the modern improvements going on in all directions in the City and its suburbs are making sad havoc among the old churches and historical relics of past ages. The churchyard of old St. Pancras Church, where the last Catholic service was held prior to the Reformation, has been desecrated by the ruthless hands of the Midland Railway. The remains of the departed have been removed to another cemetery, and strange work has been given to men whom we may truly call "modern resurrectionists," such as are shown in our illustration above. Similar removals have also taken place at the recently-closed churches of the City, the particulars of the above of which sacred edifices have already appeared in our columns.

The attendant at the ladies' first-class waiting-room at Stafford Station found the other day a healthy infant, respectfully dressed, in the room. After some consultation, it was decided to take it to the Stafford Union, and there a bank note for £200 was found affixed to its dress.

At the Manchester assizes on Saturday, Alfred Thomas Heap, aged thirty-three years, was charged with having murdered George Locke, at Manchester, in February last. From the evidence it appeared that Mrs. Locke was the wife of a chemist and druggist, carrying on business in the neighbourhood of Manchester. The prisoner, although he was said to have practised as a surgeon, was not legally qualified to do so. It was alleged that he had caused the death of Mrs. Locke by attempting to procure abortion. After a lengthened trial, a verdict of not guilty was returned on the first count, charging him with murder, and the prosecution intimated that they would indict him on the second count, which charged him with intent to procure abortion.

## MORNINGS WITH THE MAGISTRATES.

MR. JOHN SMITH, described as a merchant and as residing at Blackheath, was summoned before the Lord Mayor at the instance of the South-Eastern Railway Company, who charged him with having unlawfully, knowingly, and wilfully travelled in a railway carriage of the company without having previously paid his fare. Mr. Frank C. Brown, from the department of the solicitor to the company, preferred the complaint. Mr. Wontner appeared for the defence. The principal witness was Wm. Tatnell, ticket inspector at Cannon-street Station. He said the defendant, whom he knew as a daily passenger by the line, arrived there by the 8.45 a.m. up train on Feb. 16, and on passing the barrier presented to witnesses a half ticket, numbered 977, which was not available for that day. He had previously had occasion to suspect the defendant, and with a view to confirm his suspicions, or otherwise, had taken the precaution the night before to send to the Blackheath station for the numbers of the tickets to be issued there on the following day. The half ticket which the defendant presented did not correspond with any of the numbers, and he asked him to show the other half. Upon that the defendant produced a half ticket from Charing-cross to Blackheath, dated February 15. The first half he had tendered was from Blackheath to Cannon-street. He asked the defendant when he took that ticket. The reply was, "This morning;" but he could not say where. In point of fact, he could not have taken it anywhere but at Blackheath. Witness inquired his name and address, which the defendant gave, and then asked him in turn what he was going to do. Witness made no reply, but went to Blackheath, and found that the ticket, which he had marked on receiving it from the defendant, had been issued on January 18. Mr. Wontner said the defendant, for whom he appeared, was a person of very great respectability, and would scorn to defraud any one. The defendant had instructed him to explain that he had come by train from Blackheath to London that morning, and had taken a return ticket; but he had left it, with a pair of gloves, in a waiting-room of the station at Blackheath, while he went to regulate his watch by a clock outside. While he was doing that, the train suddenly arrived, and he was obliged to jump into it, without having time to return to the waiting-room for his gloves and ticket. He went on to London, and forgetting all about the occurrence, he presented an old ticket at the barrier. On being asked for the other half he undoubtedly presented another half which did not correspond, it not occurring to him at the moment he had made a mistake. Later in the day, he went to the station at Blackheath, and asked if his gloves and ticket had been found. On the following Monday morning he saw the secretary, and explained the whole matter to him, taking at the same time a yearly ticket for the future. The present proceedings, therefore, and so long after the occurrence, had taken him by surprise. As to the possession of the other half ticket, that was a common occurrence, and did not necessarily imply blame. The Lord Mayor said that did not affect the question. The defendant was not bound to account for that. His explanation was wholly incompatible with the facts proved. If he went up to London, leaving his gloves and ticket at the waiting-room, it would not be long before that occurred to him, and a gentleman would have mentioned the circumstance to the ticket collector; but instead of that, the loss of the gloves and ticket did not occur to him until the middle of the day, and in the meantime the defendant, who was said by his solicitor to have such a refined sense of honour, attempted to palm off a ticket wholly out of date, and therefore false. He had no doubt the defendant did that intentionally. Besides, it appeared that was not the first time he had done so. A great company like the South-Eastern required protection from such frauds, and he fined the defendant the full penalty of 40s. and costs. The money was paid.

JOHN TAYLOR, barman in the employ of Mr. Thompson, of the Black Horse Tavern, Haymarket, was charged with robbing his employer. The prisoner had only been in Mr. Thompson's employ about a fortnight; and, being suspected of robbery, some money was marked by Mr. Thompson and Police-constable Butcher, 137 C, and this led to the prisoner's detection, some of the marked money being found upon him. The prisoner afterwards asked Mr. Thompson to forgive him, but he declined to do so. In answer to Mr. Knox the prosecutor stated that he gave him 10s. a week and board and lodging, giving him more wages than he asked, with the view of keeping him honest. The prisoner said he was guilty. Mr. Thompson said he gave each of his barmen every morning £5 worth of silver, which they kept in glasses to give change for gold, so that no change for gold should be taken from the till. On the previous day the prisoner took a pound's worth of silver from the glass, and instead of putting in its place a sovereign, he put in a shilling. Mr. Knox said it was a very bad case, the prisoner having begun to rob his employer as soon as he entered his service. The prisoner had good pay, and had no right to commit a crime of the description. Committed for six months with hard labour.

WILLIAM SCOTT, aged fifteen, a French polisher, and THOMAS KING, aged ten, were charged with attempting a robbery from the shop of Mr. Fox, tobacconist, of 62, Seymour-street, Euston-road. The prisoners, it was stated, belong to a gang of young thieves who go about "starring the glaze," that is, breaking the shop windows by placing a knife between the putty and the sash. In this case the prisoners were seen outside the prosecutor's windows, and were driven away. On their return, the younger prisoner was heard to say that he would have a valuable pipe that was in the window, and the elder prisoner broke the glass, and when the prisoners were taken into custody a large piece of the window was in the act of falling out. Police-constable Turner, 253 Y, said the prisoners were well known. Scott has had three months' hard labour, and King has been in prison four times and was whipped. On the last occasion of King being at this court, on a charge of felony, he was discharged, his father promising to send him into the country. The prisoners were suspected of having committed robberies of a similar description. Mr. Barker remanded the prisoners for a week, and directed that the parents of the prisoners should attend, so that arrangements might be made to send them to a reformatory.

MICHAEL CRAWLEY, 18, JAMES DONOVAN, 16, and JOHN MARNEY, 15, were indicted for stealing two sovereigns and other moneys, the moneys of James Robinson, from his person. James Robinson, a sailor, who gave his evidence in a frank and easy manner, said he was a seaman, lodging at the Sailor's Home in Wells-street, Whitechapel. Between five and six o'clock in the evening of Feb. 28 he was walking in Cable-street, being at the time the worse for liquor, and while he was in this state he went to a coffee-shop, where he saw the prisoners. At the time he entered the coffee-shop he had £5 loose in his pocket. He did not remain in the coffee-shop long, and it appeared that the prisoners followed

him. He was tripped up, and found some one's hand in his pocket, and immediately afterwards he found that he had been robbed of two sovereigns and three or four shillings. John Evinson, another seaman, belonging to No. 94, Lucas-street, St. George's, said he saw the prosecutor tripped up by the prisoners and a man who was not taken. They surrounded him, and when he was down they picked up something, and then all ran away together. George Forster, police-constable 207 H, said, from information he received, he took the prisoners into custody, and told them what they were charged. They said they knew nothing about it. He found them in the White Hart public-house at nine o'clock at night. They said it was not them, but the others who were let go. Nine were found altogether in the house, but Evinson only identified three of them. The prisoners said that three, who were let go, had more of the money than they had. The jury found all the prisoners guilty. Previous convictions were proved against the prisoner Donovan. The Assistant Judge sentenced Crawley to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for nine months; Marney for 12 months, and Donovan to be kept in penal servitude for five years.

JAMES REID, aged thirty-eight, a morose-looking fellow, described as a beer-shop-keeper, of 28, Howard-road, Hornsey New Town, was charged before Mr. Barker with feloniously cutting and wounding his wife, Harriet Reid. Mr. H. Allen, prosecuting officer of the Associate Institute for Improving and Enforcing the Laws for the Protection of Women, watched the case. Police-sergeant Crisp, 3 N, said that the prisoner had before been in custody on a charge of assaulting the police and beating his wife. He then handed in the following medical certificate:—"17, Spencer-road, Stoke Newington, March 8, 1867.—This is to certify that I am attending to Mrs. Reid, who is suffering from two flesh wounds in the back supposed to be caused by her husband, and she is now unable to leave her bed. H. W. Down, M.R.C.S. England, &c." Police-constable Sward, 155 N, said:—"Last night about a quarter to ten o'clock, I was called to 28, Howard-road, and was informed that a man had stabbed his wife. I went there, and saw the prisoner, who came out of the parlour and said to me, 'I shall give myself up.' When we got outside I said to him 'Where is the knife?' Mr. Barker: Had you told him what he was charged with, or had he said anything to you about the charge? Witness: No. The prisoner then put his hands into his pockets and took out the knife produced. He said, 'I have done it, and it can't be helped.' The prisoner: I never said anything of the sort. Mr. Barker: Had you said anything to him about the charge then? Witness: No. I then took him to the police-station, and after that I went back to the house and found a doctor there attending to the prisoner's wife and dressing her wounds. One of the wounds was in her side, and the knife had gone through her stays, and the other was close to her blade bone. He had seen the woman this morning, and the surgeon said that, although the wounds were not dangerous, she would not be able to attend for a week. The prisoner: Did you caution me that what I might say to you would be used against me here? Witness: No. Mr. Barker (to the prisoner): Have you got anything to say about the charge? The prisoner (in a sullen tone): I shall decline to say anything at present. Mr. Barker remanded the prisoner to the House of Detention for a week, and refused to take bail.

GEORGE STEEL, calling himself a drysalter, was charged before the Lord Mayor, on remand, with receiving a large quantity of valuable drugs, oils, and perfumes, belonging to Mr. Barron, a wholesale druggist, in Basil-lane, Cannon-street, well knowing them to have been stolen. Mr. Humphreys, solicitor, conducted the prosecution, and Mr. L. Lewis is the defence. On the prisoner being apprehended, the property he was accused of so receiving, and which was of the value of £70 or £80 in all, was found at his house, and he failed to give a satisfactory account of how he became possessed of it. It was elicited in evidence that a man named Francis Ball, porter to Mr. Barron, the prosecutor, assisted by one Hodsden, a carman in the same employment, had for some time systematically removed drugs from their master's stock clandestinely and in large quantities, and placed them in a dung-hap until they could be conveniently conveyed to the house of the prisoner, in Branton-street, Walworth New Town. On one occasion Ball received from the prisoner for goods he had stolen and secreted £8 15s., of which he gave Hodsden £1, and on others £4 odd, £5, £2 17s., and other sums, part of which he gave to Hodsden. Ball himself confessed to that, and that he sold the prisoner between 30 and 40 gallons of olive oil, which he had stolen from his master's warehouse, at 4s. a gallon, that being much below the value. Also other he said he had "realised" £20 by his dealings with the prisoner in that way, or it might have been £45, and some of the money he had since lost in betting. For a time the drugs so obtained and concealed were taken direct from the dung-heap to the prisoner's house, and in other cases, to avoid suspicion, to the house of George Allen, a carman, and thence to that of the prisoner—the carman Allen receiving a gratuity of £2 for the accommodation. The prisoner afterwards sold the drugs of which he had become so possessed to various chemists and surgeons about London, and sometimes much below the real value, representing himself to them as a wholesale druggist and drysalter, and that some of the goods he was vending he had purchased as "job lots." The Lord Mayor committed the prisoner for trial.

JOHN GILBERT, a boy about twelve years of age, was charged before Mr. Knox with stealing some articles belonging to his step-mother, Mrs. Sarah Gilbert, of No. 12, Chapel-street, Tottenham court-road, and MARY CARR, the keeper of a clothes shop at 22, Market-street, Fitzroy-square, was charged with receiving the articles with a guilty knowledge. The prosecutrix stated that she was a widow, and the boy her stepson. She went out to work on Tuesday morning week, and when she returned in the evening found some of her boxes broken open, and several articles, including some cloth and a shirt, taken away. She ascertained from the prisoner's sister that he had left at two o'clock in the afternoon, under the pretence of going to school, but she saw no more of him till the previous evening, when, on returning home, she found the boy there, when he admitted having broken open the boxes, taken the articles, and sold them for 3d. She then gave the boy, who had once before been in custody, in charge. Police-constable Thaxter, 176 E, said that, the boy having told him where he sold the articles, he took him to Carr's shop, and the boy pointed out a petticoat as one of the articles he sold Carr, stating that Carr had only given him 3d. for the things. He afterwards took Carr into custody, when she said that she gave 1s. 3d. for the articles. In answer to Mr. Knox the prosecutrix stated that she had never sent the boy to the shop to sell things, and Carr was an entire stranger to her. After being cautioned by Mr. Knox the prisoner Carr said that, when the boy came to her shop, he said his mother sent him to sell the things and that he had a sister lying dead. Believing his story she gave him 1s. 3d. for them. The boy said he asked 6d. for the petticoat,

and Carr took up all the things and said, "Threepence for the lot," and he took it. Mr. Knox committed the prisoner for trial, and told the prosecutrix to inform the judge that the boy had been in custody before.

THOMAS WILLIAMS, a labourer, of No. 2, Street's-buildings, Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, was charged before Mr. Knox with assaulting Martha Tubbs, a young woman, his stepdaughter. The complainant said that on the previous evening the prisoner, her stepfather, came home, having been drinking, and abused her, and then ill-used her mother, who was lying in bed ill. She (complainant) left the room, fearing the prisoner would strike her, and went to a neighbour's room. The prisoner followed her, and threatened to kill her, and struck her on the head, threatening, at the same time, to throw her downstairs; and afterwards, in the presence of a constable, he raised his foot, on which there was a heavy nail, and kicked her in the lower part of the stomach, and she had not been able to sleep all night, in consequence of the pain she had suffered. Police-constable Upson, 221 C, proved seeing the prisoner kick the complainant violently in the stomach, and he then took him into custody. The prisoner said the complainant struck him on the head. Mr. Knox asked the constable whether the prisoner complained last night of being struck by the complainant, and the constable said he did not. The prisoner was drunk at the time. The prisoner said he had nothing else to say. Mr. Knox said that last night, in the presence of the constable, the prisoner being in liquor at the time, had kicked the complainant in a way that might have caused her death. He could not conceive a more dastardly assault, and if the prisoner thought he could be permitted to assault females in such a manner he made a mistake. The prisoner would be committed for three months with hard labour.

A respectably-dressed young woman, with an infant in her arms, applied to the magistrate for an order to separate her from her husband, and to make him allow her sufficient money to support her child. The magistrate told her that if she wanted to be separated from her husband she must go to the Divorce Court. If he had assaulted her, she could have a summons to bring her husband before the magistrate. The applicant said she did not wish to hurt her husband, but live with him she could not. He was a man of very violent temper and frequently ill-used her, and had assaulted her on the very day she was married, and there was never a week passed but he slapped her face. He was in the receipt of very good wages, but she did not want anything from him for herself, as she could earn her living, but she thought that he ought to pay for the keep of his child. The magistrate suggested that the applicant had better consult her friends, and get them to interfere. The applicant said that her mother had spoken to her husband, but he took no notice of what she said, and ordered her out of the house. She would go to the parish and see what good she could get there. The applicant then left the court.

GEORGE WESTON, aged 21, a porter, in the employ of the Great Western Railway, was charged with stealing from the goods station of the Great Northern Railway, York-road, St. Pancras, thirty-six pairs of gloves, of the value of £4 10s., the property of his employers. Mr. Wontner, solicitor, appeared for the prosecution, and Mr. Ricketts, barrister, for the defence. The facts of this case have been previously reported, and it will be remembered that the prisoner was seen to take the gloves from a box that he had previously broken open. Mr. Ricketts said the prisoner would plead guilty, and therefore he hoped the magistrate would deal with the case at once, and not put the country to the expense of a prosecution. The prisoner was well connected, and this being his first offence, even if the magistrate would not decide the case the prisoner would plead guilty, and would have that plea recorded. The magistrate said that robberies by railway servants seemed to be on the increase, and an example would be made even if it was only for the sake of showing the others in the same employ that they could not commit such acts with impunity. He then committed the prisoner to the Middlesex Sessions for trial.

## MONDAY EVENING AND CITY

Stocks of all descriptions are still depressed. The more than ordinarily inclement state of the weather, and the general uncertainty that appears to prevail as to the position of certain companies, seem to have retarded investors of all descriptions from embarking into English undertakings. It is known that many British capitalists have preferred embarking their capital in foreign stocks, in lieu of doing anything to promote British enterprise. There is no doubt that the results of last year's panic are still bearing unhealthy fruit. Twelve months ago, people without discretion or discernment, rushed into schemes of the most speculative character, and now an equally unwise course is taken by showing an entire want of faith in legitimate business. A few good things have lately required public support. The New Nantymwyn Mining Extension Company (limited), especially should be regarded with confidence. In the neighbourhood of the mine there are some of the wealthiest lodes in the kingdom. The lead is of a very fine quality, and the specimen are proof of this fact. The present set is evidently a part of the mines now worked at a great profit, and there is no doubt but that the high respectability of the directors of the company is, in itself, a guarantee that the undertaking will be worked legitimately, and in a business-like manner.

With regard to railway shares and debentures the unsettled state of the law appears to have unduly depreciated stocks of this description. The new act, as to the sale of bank shares, is a most salutary measure, and it is to be hoped that the legislature will act with decision and discretion, so as to bring in some statute which is likely to reconcile not only contending railway interests, but to give some security and certainty to the present and future holders of railway securities.

The Edinburgh, or Queen's Regiment of Light Infantry Militia, under command of Colonel the Duke of Buccleuch, K.G., has received orders to assemble at Dalkeith on Monday, the 10th June next, for 27 days' training. The recruits are to assemble on Monday, May 27, for 14 days' drill, prior to the assembly of the regiment.

JUST OFF, STEAM ENGINES (Patent), 18, 6d. each, of horizontal construction, manufactured entirely of metal, fitted with copper boiler, steam pipe, furnace, &c., complete. Will work for hours if supplied with water and fuel. Sent, carriage free, safely packed in wooden case, for 24 stamps.—TAYLOR, BROTHERS, 21, Norfolk-road, Finsbury-road, Islington, London. Established 1848.



